homage and admiration. I made it purposely for you, whic is its only excellence, and thought nothing but gold good enoug] to paint with for you—and now it's done, I am wohilly disap pointed. It looks such a poor little wretch of a thing, and then is no time to make another before you go, so look mercifully upon it—it did mean so well—as you would upon a foolisl friend, not holding it up to the light, but putting it in a come] and never showing it.

" As to what it is about, I think it's a little scene in Heaveu (I am always pretending to know so much about that place !), a sort of patrol going to look to the battlements, some such thought as in Marlowe's lovely line : * Now walk the angels on the walls of Heaven/ But I wanted it to be so different, and my old eyes cannot help me to finish it as I want—so forgive it and accept it with all its accompanying crowd of good wishes to you. They were always in <ny mind as I did it.

"And come back soon from that America and stay here, and never go away again. Indeed I do wish you boundless happiness, and for our sake, such a length of life that you might shudder if I were to say how long.

*' Ever your poor artist,

"E. B.-J.

" If it is so faint that you can scarcely see it, let that stand for modest humility and shyness—as if I had only dared to whisper."

Another time," when I had sent him a trifle for some charity, he'wtote : • ' *

" BEAR LADY,—

" This morning came the delightful crinkly paper that always means you 1 If anybody else ever used it, I <u>think</u> I should assault tfcenvf I certainly wouldn't read their letter or ans-wer it. "" '••-" ""

" And I know the cheque will be very

useful. If I thought much about those wretched homes, or saw them often, I should do no more work, I know. There is but one thing to do—to help with a little money if you can manage it, and then try hard to forget. Yes, I am certain that I should